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THE
HORRORS and TERRORS
OF THE

Hour of Death and Day of Judgment,
That seize upon all Impenitent and
Unbelieving Sinners.

WITH
Some Holy Directions to Die well.

And also
The Great Danger of a Long-delayed and
Death-Bed Repentance.

To all which are added
Many Examples of God's dreadful Judgments
against violent Breakers of his holy Com-
mandments.

Rev. 21. 8.

*the Fearful and Unbelieving, and the Abomi-
nable, and Sorcerers, and Idolaters, and all Lyars
shall have their part in the Lake which burneth
with Fire and Brimstone.*

ing a Second part to that excellent Book,
called *Hells Everlasting Flames Avoided, and
Heaven's Eternal Felicities Enjoyed.*

By Mr. JOHN HAYWARD.

The Third Edition.

London, Printed for Robert Gifford, and are to
be sold at his Shop in Old Bedlam, with-
out Bishops-Gate, 1693.

T O T H E

Christian R E A D E R S.

I Having very lately Published a small Piece, Intituled Hell's Everlasting Flames avoided, and Heaven's Eternal Felicities Enjoyed: and it being approved of, and so very well entertain'd beyond my Expectations amongst you, gave me further Encouragement to be further serviceable to your precious and immortal Souls, in publishing this small Tract as a Second part to the former, hoping it will find the same welcome amongst you; wherein you will find contained a Discourse of the Horrors that seize upon an Impenitent Sinner when he comes on his Dying Bed, and a rowling Pillow, and his Troubles and Sorrows that at-

To the Christian Readers.

tend him in the other World at the Judgment Seat of Almighty God; with some Directions, teaching all how to fit themselves for their Great Change, and the Great danger of a Long delayed and Death-Bed Repentance.

That this small Piece may be a Means to bring your Affections off from the deceitful Delights of this transitory World, and to settle them upon those things that are above, that so you may be Everlastingly Happy with Almighty God, is the Hearty Prayer of

Your Souls Cordial Friend,

JOHN HAYWARD.

THE

THE HORRORS

That seize on

UNPARDONED SINNERS

At the Hour of Death.

Malachi Chap. 3. Ver. 5.

And I will come near to you to Judgment, and I will be a swift Witness against the Sorcerers, and against the Adulterers, and against false-swearers, and against those that Oppress the hireling in his Wages, the Widow, and the Fatherless, and that turn aside the Stranger from his right, and feareth not me saith the Lord.

IF God will be such a severe Witness against all Evil doers what shall I say concerning this dreadful Hour, this Cruel Instant, when the Soul is taking its leave of its Earthly Habitation? The Body, O Lord, how is it tormented, perplexed, and troubled? What a Multitude

2 *The Horrors that seize on Unpardoned*
itude of Terrors doth seize upon it? then
nothing but extream Sorrow and An-
guish: then beginneth it to enquire in-
to the beinns of the sins it hath com-
mitted, and into God's unspeakable ha-
tred of them, and his Eternal Wrath and
Indignation, that he is beginning to pour
out upon them, then it will consider that
the time of Repentance is then at an end,
and set just upon the point of Passage to
God's dreadful Tribunal, where it doth not
know how the best Actions it hath done
shall be examined. For as in a rude Ear
that Musick may be counted extraordinary
pleasant, which a skillful Judgment will
condemn for course: so in the Sight and
View of Almighty God our best Actions
will be found very unworthy and defi-
cient, and very short of deserving that Es-
teem and valuation we had of them. The
Soul is very desirous to stay to enjoy more
of this sinful World's deceitful bewitching
and charming Dalils, but it is forc'd to
go, to stay it is impossible, and to go is in-
tolerable, and it too often falleth out, that
whilst one thinketh much of doing, he
leaveth to do the Effect of his thinking so,
whilst it is a taking one, and bewailing
it self for the time that is past, it loseth
that

that little which then remains.

Looking back it esteemeth the whole race that it hath run as a short step; looking forward, it is agast at the infinite space of Eternity wherein it is to continue: lifting up the Mind to Heaven, it discovereth a most bright and beautiful Glory. Again, casting it down upon the Earth, it seeth all things wrapt up in a misty Darkness; if it calleth to Memory the time that is past, it will very strongly accuse; if it takes notice of the time present, it will sharply torment; if it look to the evil that will ensue, it will terrifie most extreamly; the fading Pleasures which are past and gone, which in themselves were little, shall then seem nothing; the Day of Judgment which is coming on, that before seemed as if it were not to be, shall then be very great, and more dreadful and surprizing than we can possibly imagine. Hitherto hath been our own Day, but then shall be the Great and Terrible Day of the Lord, wherein his Anger shall burn as an Oven, and the Elements melt with fervent heat; for he shall come in flames of fire to take vengeance upon all his Enemies.

Hereupon a fresh Supply of new
A 5 Thoughts

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Thoughts stingeth the Mind, and tormenteth it self, in lamenting that it hath built so many Castles, some in the Air, others upon the Sand; so that with the Spider it hath even exhausted the Bowels and Works of so little, both continuance and use; that it hath wasted that Candle in idle Play, which was given for the lighting of it to Bed; that it was so enflamed with the Inchantments of a Transitory Estate, as to cease to think upon the Condition which never shall have end; that it hath made so large Provisions for the one, and none at all for the other; that to satisfy the Flesh which is to be a Feast for Worms, it has neglected the Spirit which was to have been a Companion for Angels; that it hath lost for so short a Shew the everlasting Enjoyment of those Rivers of Pleasures which make glad the City of God; that it hath exchanged and done more absurdly and foolishly than the rude *Indians*, who give Gold for Glass, the Treasures of Immortal Glory for Trifles, and Toys of floating vanities, which bring nothing in the end, but eternal Sorrow and Misery.

O! if it had but never so short a time longer, what vast improvements would it make

make of it; How would it turn from the way of sin and wickedness, and abandon all its former Delights and Pleasures, and take up to a very strict and circumspect life, walking in all the ways of God's Holy Commandments? but it is like a Horse, desirous to run, and miserably sparr'd, but so short Reins that he cannot stir; or like unto those who in their Dreams see fearful and terrible visions, and sweat with Pain, and strive to cry for help, but cannot find any strength at all to cry.

In the mean time the Head shooteth, the Back aketh, the Heart panteth, the Throat ratleth, the Tongue faltereth, the Breath shortneth, the Flesh trembleth, the Veins beat, the Head-strings crack, the Eyes wax dim, the Nose sharp, the Brows hard, the Cheeks cold and wan, the Lips pale, the Hands numb, the Joints stiff, the whole Body in a cold Sweat, the Strength fainting, the Life vanishing, and Death drawing on; and as a wise Soldier that besiegeth either a Fort or Castle, first maketh his breach with great Artillery, then assaulteth, entrencheth and possesseth the same: Even so Death, first by several Weaknesses and Pains in Sicknes, beateth all the natural Forces, battereth with-
out

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out any intermission or repulsion, the principal and strongest parts of the Body: but when he makes his personal Approach when the sick Person begins to doubt of his or her Life, and afterwards to despair, then are all his Pains and Perplexities enlarged, then he is driven to extremity of distress, then are all his Members surprized with those pullers down of Nature, which are the common Combatants of Death; then is that fulfilled which the Prophet said (*The sorrows of death compassed me, and the Floods of wickedness made me afraid, the sorrows of the Grave have compassed me about, the snares of death overtook me:*) and so it is usual, that our departure out of this Life is in some measure answerable to our entrance into it, both painful and grievous; but the one to our Mother the other to our selves.

Neither shall the Children and Friends, for whose sakes the Sick shall often condemn themselves beforehand, to bear in this instant of Extremity from being miserable Comforters, as Job said to his Friends, *Job 16. 2.* some crying, some craving some counselling him in the ordering of his estate some flattering of him with vain Speeches, either of Compassi-
on

on or Comfort, all then like Flesh-Flies help to encrease his unspeakable Misery.

Whilst these Summoners of Death are executing their Office, and the sick Person lieth bound upon the Altar, for the sacrifice of his Soul, and the Knife set to his Throat, and he unable either to fly or defend himself; most of his wicked Thoughts, Words and Actions come fresh in his Memory, and against them appeareth God Almighty's Indignation and fierce Anger, wherein is comprehended all the Curses of the Law; all which make his Sorrows more intolerable than he is able to bear, from which the Sinner would willingly turn away his Eye, but he is forced to behold; and they will all cry unto him, *we are thy Works, we will go with thee.*

Then shall the Conscience sharply accuse, the Memory give in her Evidence, Reason shall sit as Judge, Fear shall stand as Executioner; and there is hardly any severe Sentence in all the Holy Bible against Sin and Sinners, which the Devil will forbear putting into his mind, aggravating every thing to the worst: And seeing he shall so strictly examine, accuse, and condemn himself, what great cause shall

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shall he have then to fear and dread the terrible Judgment of Almighty God, who knoweth more of his Sins and Wickedness than it is possible to know of himself, for he knoweth all things; who as he doth so unspeakably hate Sin, he will certainly, answerable to his hatred of it, condemn and sentence it to eternal Burnings, which is more than any Man can do, and especially upon himself.

Then will all human Wisdom be turned into Foolishness, and Policy fail; then will resolution be turned into fearful Trembling; then will Pride that was so high, be laid low, and vain Confidence be turned into despair; then will be a vast difference in our Judgments to what we have now in our Health, wealth, and Strength, insonmuch that it may be we shall find our selves under the Eternal Wrath and Indignation of an Angry God, and be surrounded with our Enemies to wit our Sins, and Devils ready to take us for committing of them, from which we shall be forced to lament our selves, and say, O that ever we were born! we simple men thought their Life to be but madness, whose End we now esteem most Honourable.

But

But we have wearied out of our selves in craggy Ways, we are worn out in pursuing Vanity, and the Ways of the Lord we have not known.

Never did a revengeful Tyrant exercise his implacable rage with greater Cruelty upon those that he hates, than the miserable Sinner shall then upon himself, in justly condemning, in vainly acknowledging, and unprofitably lamenting the Errors of his Actions : whilst the Pains and Perplexities of the Soul's departing from its so dear and darling Friends, the Body and the World, shall draw the Powers thereof from true Repentance ; all these enchanting Pleasures wherein it took so great delight, shall then be at an end, and quite forgotten as if they never had been, or else remain in the mind only to torment the Soul : the Cup of Pleasure, whereof the Sinner had before quaffed, shall then be at the bottom, and he shall be constrained to drink up the Dregs, even the Scruples and Remories of a guilty Conscience, which like Thousands of Thorns shall tear and torment the miserable Soul. The Body can die but once, but the Heart shall so often die as the Sinner shall

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shall think upon his Death, and upon his new Separation from all those Enjoyments he dearly loved and delighted in: the more his Affections are entangled with the affairs of this Life, the more grievous and intolerable will his Death be unto him. Then shall his Eyes be opened which the Pleasure of Sin had close shut up, and he shall plainly see the Follies of his mis-spent Life, and that for the enjoyment of a few jolly Hours he is like to suffer Eternal Punishment; whereupon he will amazedly both abhor and admire his Sortishness, and that he was so befooled out of his Reason, as to take Pleasure in the vilest Acts of Wickedness, as Drunkenness, Whoredom, Covetousness and the like, which bring nothing in the end but Eternal ruin both to Soul and Body; then shall he plainly perceive, that he is falling into the Bottomless Gulf of Hell's Flames, which will be very frightful and terrible unto him, and entering upon his Ruin where he thought to have taken his Rest, that all the things of this World are passing away, the ways thereof rough and crooked, leading to the very Gates of Hell; the
Wealth

Wealth base; the Pleasures false; the hopes vain; the Promises lyes; the Glory short, and of no continuance; the whole state of this Life a compleat banishment from Peace and Comfort, and nothing but sorrow upon sorrow, and one Trouble falling upon the Neck of another: A very Dungeon, a Jail not only of Guilty but Condemned Persons, all the comforts of which Life are not only Remedies of Grief, but propagators and increasers of it with sweet Poyson, which giveth some satisfaction to the Sence, not by freeing, but by inuring it to the Disease; his Riches cannot redcem him, his Friends will forsake him, his Estate he must leave behind him, and his Children and kindest Kindred shall be no greater comfort to him, than a brood of Vipers, especially when he considereth that he is for ever like to bear that Eternal Vengeance that is due to him, for abusing these Mercies that God was pleased to bestow upon him, and leave the Injoyment of them to his Children and Friends; and those delightful and darling Sins that he most loved, and spent his Time in the Injoyment of, shall strike the deepest Wounds
into

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into his poor Heart: As *Absolom's* greatest Ornament and Delight, his fair Hair, was ordered to be the Cause of his Death.

These things not only failing, but exceedingly vexing him, being like the spread tail of a Peacock, adorning only the former part of Life, and leaving the hinder part naked and bare, or like the *Syrens* beginning then to turn their Tunes when they have drawn to the Point of destruction.

He desireth to turn to God but he cannot, because he hath not ever had any knowledge of him, nor power in that violent distraction of his Soul; for as a Sword that is seldom drawn out of the Scabbard is commonly hard to be unsheath'd at the time when a Man hath occasion to make use of it, so they who never exercised themselves in the Actions of Religion, but rather have been accustomed to Evil, can be in no great readiness therein, when the use of them be most urgent.

But the most which he can do, is that which God hath said by the Prophet, *Hosea 7. 14. They howl and rore upon their beds, and do not call unto me in their hearts.*

Farther.

Furthermore, He will fall into that Soul-perplexing, condition of Despair, despairing of having the least of God's Mercies, that God will not then give ear to his Call, in this time of greatest Extremity, because he did not hearken to, and obey the many Calls and Invitations of God in his day of Visitation; that God will not then receive him into his House, because when time was, he shut God out of his Heart; that God will not then have any Mercy, Compassion, or Pity upon him, because he had none upon Christ's poor distressed and needy Members: And that at the end of his Journey he shall not arrive at Heaven, because in his Life-time he travelled in the High-way to Hell; he will, or at leastwise may expect such an Answer, as *Elizeus* gave King *Joram*, when he came to him in his greatest Extremity, *2 Kings 3. What have I to do with thee, O Joram? get thee to the Prophets of thy Father and Mother; so may God say to him, get thee to the Pleasures, the Profits and Advantages, which hitherto thou hast pursued, and desire them to help thee.*

Then

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Then shall the Earth seem weary to bear him, the Heavens to flash Fire in his face, God to threaten him, and Devils to expect him, and his own Conscience to betray him, sometimes being more able to abide Death than the fear of Death: He wisheth to fly, if it were possible, even from himself, and to be discharged from being guided by so evil a Companion as his Soul; not in hopes that his Torment shall thereby either end or abate, but according to the nature of Grief, the present being most painful, he desireth to change, and put it to a venture the ensuing: But when he seeth the Heavens on all sides shut, and not the least Beam of Comfort to shine upon him, but on the contrary Corruption and Worms ready to consume his Body, and infinite Legions of Devils stand ready to receive his Soul, the Grave gaping to entertain the one, and the Horrors and Terrors of Hell to embrace the other; so that he is like to be chained to the Company of cursed and damned Devils; then is he in an amaze of amazement, then, like one that holdeth a Wolf by the Ear, bitten whilst he holdeth, and slain when he lets go.

O Death, the Lodge of all Mens Lives, how suddenly dost thou set upon us? With what stealing steps? by how insensible degrees dost thou approach us? which like the Sun, although it be very swift in Motion, yet doth not the Eye perceive it to move: How universal is thy Dominion, and how severely dost thou exact Obedience? the Mighty with all their Power cannot resist thee; the Rich with his Riches cannot corrupt thee; the Wise with his Wisdom can neither appease or avoid thee: thou rangeest over the whole Earth; thou searchest every Closet; thou beatest down every defence: And so many Ages as there hath been since the World was Created, so many perfect Conquests hast thou made. All natural things do increase and decline, but thou always continuest in full strength, thy Power is the same now as it was when it seized upon *Adam*; thou art the Clock which always striketh; thou art the Sword which always executeth; thou art the Snare which always intrappeth; thou art the Sea wherein all Rivers do run, wherein all Ships suffer Shipwrack; thou art the pain that
every

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every one must endure ; thou art the Debt, the Tribute that every one must pay ; O cruel Death ! how bitterly dost thou bite those Souls which are plung'd in the thoughts of Worldly Affairs ? thou breakest off their Studies ; thou disappointest them in their Designs and Enterprises ; thou croppest their hopes in the fairest Flower ; thou overthrowest them in the chiefest Strength and Beauty of their Age.

Thy Triumph is in Funeral Solemnities ; thy Applauses in the Cries of Widows and Orphans ; thou fillest all Places with Confusion, Desolation and Disorder : What shall I say, thou art the Child of Sin, the Father of Confusion, the Pursuivant of Hell ; for God disclaimeth any Interest in thee by the Mouth of the Wise Man ; that he never made thee, but that thou hadst thy entrance into the World by the very Malice and Subtilities of the Devil.

Well then, secure and senseless Soul, howsoever the Devil would cheat, deceive or delude thee as he did our First Parents, that thou shalt not die, howsoever he representeth thy Life unto thee with a countenance of continuance, in one
firm

firm and stable state : howsoever in the full set strength of thy Age, Courage, and Health, thou measurest the length of thy days by the length of thy desires, and the number of thy days by the multitude of thy Affairs ; yet assure thy self this heavy and terrible Hour, this fearful, this dangerous and unavoidable Passage is not far from thee, even in the furthest and fairest Path of Nature, and may be every Hour, by many common Accidents, both violent and of ordinary course. The day will come, and therefore prepare for it, when thou shalt live in the Morning, and at night be dead. The day will come, whether this day or to morrow, or when thou art uncertain, wherein thou shalt lie in thy Bed, upon a rolling Pillow, expecting every Moment the terrible stroke of Death, the inevitable Executioner of that Sentence which was pronounced in the beginning against all Mankind ; every Minute thou livest is a step forwards to thy Death, every Action thou takest in Hand pulls away from thee some part of thy Life ; insomuch that thou art daily changing, yet daily dying, like a Candle which is continually burning till it be

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be out; or like them sailing in a Ship, who whatsoever they are doing they are always carried forward.

For as the emptying of an Hour-glass consisteth not only in the falling of the last grain of Sand, but in the defluxion of the whole from the beginning: So thy Death doth not consist in the last Hour of thy Life, but in the continual consuming course from the first Hour of the same; in regard whereof thou art in a worse condition than if thou hadst been made of Glass; for that, although it may be broke by many Accidents, yet doth it not perish or waste by time; but thou, besides many Casualties, art subject also to the injury of time: thou canst never enter twice into the same running Water, by reason it always flecth and falleth away; no more canst thou find thy Substance and Nature twice in one State, because it changeth as fast as time doth run.

There is nothing that properly is or hath Being in it self but God, Immortal, who truly is Immutable, who giveth to all things that Being which they have: But the Bodies of Men are changed every Moment, their Substance is a-ways

ways growing, or decaying, it never continueth the same so long as while a Man may say *now*; for whatsoever is consumed in the longest continuance of time, the same in every Moment of time suffereth decay.

Thou art easily induced to believe that other Men shall not live long, because self-love doth blind thy Judgment, and make thee dislike the knowledge of this Truth; but that extraordinary Love that we bear to our selves causeth us to hate Death, so as that we abhor to think of it, or else are easily perswaded that it is farther from us than from other Men, because we are too often very willing to believe, that that we are most desirous of should be true, although we have little or no cause to ground our belief upon it; for we are all under one common Condition, our Lives are short in all things, except in Miseries and Troubles; our Continuance is very uncertain, we are here to day, and gone to our long and everlasting Home to morrow, for God would have the time of our Death unknown to us, because we should always make our first and chiefest Business to fit and prepare our selves for it.

Rouse up and arise out of thy Bed of sloth, and be not like the Foolish Virgins that had their Lamps to trim, and their Oyl to seek when the Bridegroom came, and so wer shut out to their everlasting Shame and Confusion; but watch over thy self; look upon the pale Horse and him that sitteth thereon, (whose Name is Death.) O provide in time that thou be not suddenly surprized and called to die before thou beginnest to live; for not to do well whilst you live is Death; but not to breath, but to do well is Life: The more wicked thy Life hath been, the more dreadful will thy Death be unto thee; and so on the contrary, the more Pious, Godly, and Christianly disposed thou hast been in thy Life time, the more sweet, comfortable and welcom will thy Death be unto thee: Therefore it is a great piece of Weakness and Sottishness to be unwilling to that which is so indispensibly necessary to be done, whereon hangeth, and certainly dependeth thy everlasting Joy, or everlasting Sorrow: It is necessary to die; it is much more necessary for dying well; therefore let me prevail with thee to meditate often upon thy Death;
and

and let not the thought of thy last end be the last end of thy thoughts; and be not so deceived and deluded as to think thy self in a safe and sure state and condition so long as thou art unwilling to think of thy Death: So soon as thou wert born thou wast old enough to die; and shortly thou wilt be too old to live: Actions that are hard and difficult we draw to Perfection by often use. Seeing therefore it is very hard to die willingly or well, the Errour whereof may turn thee into Hell's everlasting Burnings, what Cause hast thou to exercise thy self in handling thy Weapons, in traversing the Ground, in treading and measuring every step of that dark and stony way, that by dying often thou may'st learn both to die easily and well. Let fall no point of Courage, and of Care; slip not any Opportunity, nor the least occasion that offers, whilst it may not only be taken, but cometh, yea sueth to be laid hold of; and therefore if it be not now taken, it will never hereafter be overtaken.

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The Lord Jesus Christ, the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords is yet out of his infinite Goodness and Loving-kindness, offering of Mercy to all. The Door standeth yet open to all that are willing to be Suitors for the same; his Nature is now as willing to forgive as his Power will be able hereafter to punish. The Kings of *Israel* were not so famous for their Mercy to the Servants of *Abinadab* as the God of *Israel* is among us: when thou didst sin, he did spare; when thou didst defer, he did wait and expect; when thou shalt return, he will meet and embrace thee; the Bowels of his Mercy do still overflow, so that the Streams thereof may enter into thy dry and barren Soul; *his Back was torn, his Hands and Feet were pierced, his Side was opened*, through these Holes thou maist see the abundance of his Love, at these Holy Holes thou maist taste the sweetness of his Mercy.

Present thy self therefore unto him in all those humble Behaviours, which the consideration of his Majesty, and thy Misery can possibly frame; for the inward Affliction of the Spirit, except it break forth into some outward Gesture,
is

is for the most part altogether feigned, or very small.

O be Penitent for the time past, and resolute for the time to come; and with as great Confidence as Necessity cry unto him and say, *The death of Saints is precious, Psal. 116. 15. Miserable is the death of Sinners, Psal. 34. 21.*

B 3 THE

THE TERRORS

That seize on
UNPARDONED SINNERS
At the Day of Judgment.

Isay Chap. 33. Ver. 14.

*The Sinners in Zion are afraid, fearful-
ness hath surprized the Hypocrite; who
among us shall dwell with the devouring
fire? who Among us shall dwell with
Everlasting Burning.*

WO and alas to me, Wretch that I
am! what shall I do in that Day,
that Great and Terrible Day, that Day of
Fury and of Fear, when an universal
Flood of Fire shall over-spread the whole
World, and consume both the Beauty and
Glory thereof into nothing? *Rev. 6. 17*
For the great Day of his Wrath is come, and
who

The Terrors that seize on Unpardoned 25
who shall be able to stand. Joel 2. 31. A day
wherein the Sun shall be turned into darkness,
and the moon into Blood. This Day of God's
Wrath is a dreadful and terrible Day to
the Wicked, who call evil good, and
good evil, who put darkness for light, and
light for darkness, and put the evil day
far from them; yet let them look to it,
this Day will be a day of Astonishment
to them, Deut. 28. 28. The Lord shall
smite them with madness, and blindness, and
astonishment of Heart. O it will be with
the Wicked, as it was with Nebuched-
nezzar, Dan. 3. 24. who was astonished
to behold the Works and Wonders of
God which the Lord wrought for the
Deliverance of those that put their trust
in him: ver. 24. 25 Then Nebuchednezzar
the King was astonished, and rose up in haste,
and spake and said unto his Counsellors, Did
we not cast three Men bound into the fire?
They answered and said unto the King, True
O King. He answered and said, Lo I see
four men loose, walking in the midst of the
fire, and they have no hurt, and the form of
the fourth is like the Son of God. O ye
Creechets Persons that now fear not God,
nor tremble at his Word. he will make
you then tremble as he did Belshazzar

26 *The Terrors that seize on Unpardoned*
when he beheld the Hand-writing, Dan.
5. 6. *Then the Kings countenance was chan-*
ged, and his thoughts troubled him, so that
the Joints of his Loins were loosed, and his
Knees smote one against another.

O ye Drunkards, Swearers, Lyars,
Whoremongers, Covetous, and Oppres-
sors of the Poor, you that do despite to
the Spirit of Grace, and will not hearken
to the many loving Calls and invitations
of Almighty God by his Spirit and Mi-
nistry, take notice that this Day of God's
Wrath will be a Day of Terrors to you,
which will make your Hearts sink with-
in you, your Countenance to change,
your Joints to be loosed, when the Ter-
rors of the Almighty at this time shall
seize upon you; therefore saith the Apo-
stle, 1 Cor. 5. 11. *Knowing the Terror of*
the Lord we perswade Men

This Day will be a Day of extream
Sorrow and Anguish to the Wicked, Prov-
1. 27. *When your fear shall come as desolati-*
on, and your destruction as a whirlwind, Zep.
1. 15. *That day is the day of wrath, a day*
of trouble and distress, a day of wastness and
desolations, a day of darkness and gloominess,
a day of clouds and of thick darkness, and
will bring distress upon Men, that they shall
walk

walk as blind men, because they have sinned against the Lord, and their blood shall be poured out as dust, and their flesh as dung: neither their Gold nor their Silver shall be able to deliver them in this day of the Lord's wrath: When at the sound of the Trumpet all Graves shall open, and yield up their Prisoners which they have kept fast fettered with the Chains of Death from all Ages since the World was made; when the soul of every sinner at its approach to the body shall cry out with Curses and Imprecations against it. O that ever I should be led aside into all manner of Wickedness by such a loathsome lump of Carrion and Dung; and thereby lose the enjoyment of God for ever. and be cast into utter Darkness, where there is nothing but Sorrow and Misery, and the Body shall again return to the Soul with a cruel Curse that I should be abused, cheated and deluded with such false and base Pleasures, to the everlasting Destruction of them both; when with such Salutations as these they shall unite together, not as dear and beloved Companions, but as Mortal Roes and Enemies; not as Helpers, Aiders, and Assistants one of another, but as cruel and outrageous Persecutors

28 *The Terrors that seize on Unpardoned*
and Tormentors; nor as one the Habitation of the other, but as the Prison, the Gaol, the Dungeon, the Fetters wherein to indure perpetually the full weight of an offended God Almighty's Eternal Wrath and Indignation, which will sink them to the lowest Hell.

When the Books of every ones Conscience come to be laid open, and there cut a long Process drawn against them, when all the Sins which ever thou didst commit both in Publick and Private, from thy Birth to thy Burial, shall be summoned to appear against thee, and all thy Actions Words, and Thoughts which thou didst believe were either concealed or forgotten, shall be set in order before thee in so open and plain a view, that all the World shall take notice of thee and say, O he, ah shame and confusion on him, see what he hath done. Then shalt thou be strictly examined, how every Moment of thy Life, even to the twinkling of an Eye, hath been employed; *whether thou hast spent thy Time in God's Service, or the Devils Drudgery*, and thou shalt be forced to make answer to many things, whereof thou wouldst have scorned to have been either questioned or told during the time of thy Life:
When

Sinners at the Day of Judgment. 29

When not only thy Actions, but thy surcease from Action; not only thy Words, but also thy Silence, and as well the vacancy of thy Mind, as thy least and lightest Thoughts, shall be severely examined, the one for committing that which is Evil, the other for omitting that which is Good, it being sufficient to condemn that thou livedst. *Mat. 17.* as the Fig-Tree was accused which did bear Leaves and no Fruit, so thy Life was not employed in God's Service.

Then the Heavens shall threaten thee, the Earth shall cast thee up, and all the Creatures which thou hast abused shall cry for Vengeance from the Eternal God against thee; the Devils shall Accuse thee, thy own Conscience give Evidence against thee and Condemn thee, and the whole Jury of Saints pass their Verdict upon thee.

O pure spotless Christian Religion, what Holiness, what Purity dost thou teach? how true a Reckoning dost thou exact? how severe a Judgment dost thou expect? It is not sufficient that our Lives be Holy, but they must be employed in Works of Righteousness and true Holiness: It is not sufficient that

30 *The Terrors that seize on Unpardoned*
that our Actions are not hurtful and impure, but they must always be intirely bent to that which is Good, not our Actions only and our Words, but our secret Imaginations shall be strictly examined, even in that manner, that the Prophet hath declared, *Zeph. 1. 12. At that time will I search Jerusalem with Candles, and visit the Men that are frozen upon their dregs, and say in their hearts, the Lord will neither do Good nor Evil.*

Ah Wretch, what a Mountainous heap of Sins will be laid to thy Charge, which now thou dost not remember nor regard? How many of thy Actions which now thou judgest to be good and harmless, will upon the touch at this Tryal, be found most Dreadful, most Heinous, and most Horrible Sins? No Defence, no Denial will that day serve thy turn, either to countenance or cover them; it will be in vain to make any Excuses or Intreaties: No Place will then remain for the one, nor pity for the other: Nothing shall be Granted that shall be Required, because nothing was Performed that was Commanded; and therefore without favour or delay, thou must

must receive Sentence according to the Law, *Exodus* 21. 24. *Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, wound for wound, stripe for stripe*: So submitting thy self to suffer according to the deserts of thy sinful Actions.

Now heedlets and careless Sinner, will not this cause thee to cast out most hideous Cries? is not this enough to draw forth the dearest drops of thy Blood into Tears, *Acts* 24. 26. *Felix* the President of *Judea*, although he was an Infidel, did tremble when Saint *Paul* disputed to him of Judgment, and dost thou that art a Christian remain unmoved and unconcerned: O horrible and unparallell'd Stupidity. *Job* being a Just Man, gave this good Character of himself; he always trembled before the Majesty of the most high God, like one that faileth in a stormy Tempest, and that his fear hath been so great that he was not able to bear it; and dost thou, a most sinful Wretch, remain still secure? O stony and rocky Heart, which these blows do not break; O heavy sleep of thy Soul, thou art not asleep but dead. if these Pinches do not awake thee: But proceed a little further to examine the rest, although it far exceed thy Apprehension,
do

32 *The Terrors that seize on Unpardoned*

do not altogether suppress that which thou art not fully able to express; take a light touch of these Terrors, which the more suddenly and unexpectedly they fall upon thee, the more intolerable they will be to be endured.

Examine and see who shall be thy Judge, even he, in whatsoever I have done amiss, I have very greatly displeased and offended: he I say, whose Glorious Majesty I have by my base and unworthy Actions, very much dishonoured; whose Mercy I have slighted; whose Might I have despised; whose Glory I have abused; whose unspeakable Goodness I have abused; whose Presence I have profaned, and whose long Patience I have thought to be thorough ignorance or allowance of my Evil.

In what assembly shall this Judgment be? even before the whole Court of Heaven, in presence of all the Angels, in presence of all the Saints, whose Bright Beauty and Purity will make my deformity more ugly and monstrous, as contrarily compared together, do most evidently demonstrate, so many Devils as there are, so many Accusers shall be

Sinners at the Day of Judgment. 33

be against thee; so many Witnesses shall be against thee, answerable to the Sins thou hast committed. What Trembling; What shame; What Contusion of Face will then seize on thee? What Admiration will there be of Heaven and of Earth? What looking on of all Creatures, when in the Assembly of Saints and Angels, as so many Stars before the Presence of Jesus Christ the bright Son of Purity and Glory, a loathsome and wretched Sinner shall be brought forth poor, miserable, blind, naked and alone, accompanied only with his accusing Conscience, and arrayed with the Ornaments of his Iniquities, when the large History of his wicked and sinful Life shall be openly read, and the clamour of his Sins shall strike his Conscience into a dump.

Then shall the Devil also in this manner oppose and declare against him; O Just Judge, I have done him no pleasure nor kindness, nor laboured for him any Day, and yet see what a willing and quick Ear he hath given to all my Directions how duly he hath followed my Counsels, how dutifully obeyed all my Commandments, and that with great delight, inasmuch that he is perfectly transformed

34 *The Terrors that seize on Unpardoned*
transformed into my Image; and for
thee who hast done so much Good, and
suffered so much Evil for him, he has
not in the least remembred thee, unless in
proud Contempt or base Mockery of thee,
or else obstinate Cruelty and Despight.

And also shall then cry out against
him; not the Guiltless Blood of *Abel*,
but the precious Blood of the Lord
Jesus Christ, which he hath maliciously
shed, and prophanely trampled under
foot; and the Judge shall in this manner
Expostulate with him.

Stand forth thou peevish and perverse
Wretch; What hast thou seen in me
worthy of this Contempt? What want
of Perfection in my self, or of Love
and Liberality towards thee? I framed
thee out of the Dust of the Earth and
formed thee in my own Image; to re-
cover thee from thy wilful Fall I went
down from Heaven; *I was born in great*
Poverty; I lived in great Pain; I died with
intolerable Torments and Scorn; Witnesses
these Wounds; Witness the Earth
which trembled; Witness the Heavens
which drew in their Light when my
Death was in Action, and drawing
on. Come on now, Where is thy
thank-

thankfulness to me for my Goodness and Mercy? Where is thy chearful Obedience to all my Commands? How hast thou answered all my offers and tenders of Grace and Mercy? How hast thou used the means and opportunities that have been put in thy hands to draw thee to newness of Life? What desire to the work of Mercy and Charity which I Commanded? What Love of thy Neighbour which I commended unto thee? Is this the account thou hast made of my suffering? Is this all the Estimation thou hast of the shedding of my Blood? hereupon that dreadful Sentence shall be pronounced against thee, *Depart from me ye Cursed.*

Depart from thee! O Christ, why, thou art all things, and therefore the loss of thee is an universal loss of all things; thou art the greatest Good, and therefore to be deprived of thee is the greatest Evil; thou art the very Center and perfect Rest of the Soul, and therefore to be cast from thee is the most cruel separation that can be. But whither, O Lord, wilt thou banish me? into everlasting Fire? What! into Fire? into Everlasting Fire? Ah Wretch, both in my unhappy Birth and ungodly Being, and in my ungracious End. Be-
fore

fore thou didst invite with thy Blessing, but then thou wilt load with thy sad and heavy Curses; *Isa. 33. 14. The Sinners in Zion are afraid, fearfulness hath surprized the hypocrite; who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings? Alas, what have I done? whom have I offended? whom have I provoked? If the Just shall scarcely be saved, where shall the Wicked appear; and so what shall become of me, wretched Sinner? Where shall I hide me, or how shall I appear? to go forward will be intolerable, to go backward will be impossible, to turn aside unavailable; and so great will be the Astonishment between sorrow, shame, and fear, that the Guilty sinner shall be desirous to hide himself even in Hell.*

What way shall I then take in these desperate Extremities? Whither shall I turn my self? What shift? What Friends shall I be able to make? All things giving cause of Terror, and nothing of Comfort: With what Countenance shall I be able to sustain the Majesty of the most severe Judge, both in searching out and punishing Offences? Who cannot be
blinded

blinded, and will not be corrupted.

The Heavens and the Earth shall fly before his Presence; the Saints and Angels shall be touched with Terror and Astonishment; not for any danger towards themselves, but at the greatness of his Indignation, even as a harmless Child will be afraid of the Fury of his offended Father against his Bond-slave; or as a Tempestuous Sea will strike Astonishment to him that stands safe upon the shore. Alas then, what shall I do, but even faint for fear, and stand as a most desperate and torlorn Wretch, full of unfruitful Repentance, deprived both of Comfort and Courage, trembling and quaking before his Majesty, whom so grievously I have provoked, being astonished and confounded at the intolerable vehemency and weight of his Wrath; at the unexcusable number and greatness of my Sins, at the caseless and endless Punishment which I shall see I have deserved.

What then shall be my Comfort, when I shall be surrounded in these extream streights, having on one side my Sins accusing me, on the other

38 *The Terrors that seize on Unpardoned*
other side Justice threatening me: Above,
an angry Judge condemning of me, be-
neath, Hell open, and the boyling Fur-
nace ready to devour me; before, the De-
vils with Bitter scoffs and upbraidings
haling of me; behind, the Saints and
my nearest Friends and Relations, not
only forsaking me, but rejoicing and
praising God for his Justice in my Dam-
nation; within, my Conscience tearing
me; without, the Powers of Heaven
shaken and dissolved; the Elements
shiver'd in pieces; the whole World
flaming, and all damned Souls crying
and cursing round about me; for I have
neither Power to resist thee, nor Patience
to bear thee, nor Place to avoid thee,
and doubtless it is impossible: What an
inestimable Treasure a Good Conscience
will be at that day? and if a Sinner
could now but imagine the infinite Ter-
ror and Torments, which then he shall
see is falling upon his Head, he would
not adventure to endure them one Mo-
ment, for the injoyment of all the false
and transitory Pleasures his Sins can af-
ford.

All the Course of our Life is a conti-
nual Passage, every Moment of our time
is

is one step towards this Judgment; and yet so far are we either from Shame or Compassion on our selves, that even in going to our Tryal, we cease not only to aggravate but multiply our Crimes, and to provoke his Displeasure who must give Sentence upon us.

Alas Wretch! what shall I do? If I speak, my Sins stand up against me; If I hold my peace, I find no Man to comfort me. Mourn, O my Soul, drown thy self in bitter Mourning: Howl out and lament, because of these heavy Horrors which thy Offences prepare daily to heap on thee, thou being as unable to repell the one as worthily to Repress or Repent the other.

And now thou dost see these Evils, see also if thou canst avoid them; let no Pains be too great; no Petitions either too often or too earnest, to make Provision against that Day: Trample under foot the Vanities of this Life; shake them off as *St. Paul* did the Viper into the Fire, lest at last they shake thee into the Fire; strike off all delay that hath already devoured too much of thy Good time.

Enter

40 *The Terrors that seize on Unpardoned*

Enter now into Judgment against thy self, that when thou shalt appear in that Day before the great Judg, he may find thee Judged; follow the Counsel of him who would be thy Advocate before he will be thy Judg: Follow the Advice of him, who as he best knoweth the danger of this Day, so hath he taught us in these words to prevent them: *Take heed to your selves that your Hearts be not made heavy with eating and drinking, and cares of this life, and that day come suddenly upon you.*

Run, O run unto thy only Refuge, Jesus Christ thy Redeemer, and become as it becometh thee, an humble Suppliant in the lowest degree both of Sorrow and Shame: prostrate thy self before his Presence with the same Confusion of Face, as a Wife that hath committed Adultery, would present her self to her injured Husband; pour out the Tears at his Feet, make an abject Countenance and Gesture, unfeigned Messengers of thy distressed Mind; let thy Words be seasoned with Sighs and bathed in Tears, and so address thy self unto him; altho it be late, it is not too late to call for his Mercy; and wherefore shouldst thou

Sinners at the Day of Judgment. 41

thou be consumed in saying nothing? As it is impossible he should forget the Passion he endured, so is it not credible that he should not have Compassion on thee for whom he suffered: Therefore pray unto him with all thy Heart, and say:

The humble Penitents Penitential Prayer.

O Christ! O Son of the everliving God, in Goodness infinite, infinite also in Greatness, in Power almighty, in Wisdom wonderful, in Judgment just, in Promise true, in Works holy, in Mercy rich, Patient towards Sinners, and sparing when they repent: Call to remembrance, O sweet Jesus, for whose sake thou wert willing to endure all the Miseries of Mortality, Hunger, Cold, Grief, Poverty, Contempt, Scorn, Blasphemies, Bonds, Blows, the Cross, Wounds, Death and the Grave.

And now, O Lord, where is this Love? Where are these thy Mercies? Is thy Goodness come to an end? and will thy Anger never again be appeased? If I be full of Impiety, art thou therefore not full of Pity? and if I confess the one, wilt thou therefore deny the other? if my Sins are great-

er

er than is meet, are thy Mercies less than they were wont? If thy Glorious Greatness did make me draw back, wilt thou therefore draw back thy Gracious Goodness?

O Lord my God, although I am a Sinner, yet am I thy Creature; although I am a Sinner, yet am I redeemed with the blessed price of thy Blood: O Lord, my Life, it was no Goodness in me, nor no Merit in me that did oblige thee to redeem me, but even thy Mercy; why then, sweet Christ and most loving Jesus, let that Love which obliged thee to make me, oblige thee to help me; let that Mercy that did cause thee to die for me, cause thee to save me. For thou art always the same, thy Love doth not go and come like the Love of Man, but it is Immutable, it is like thy self.

Hear most Gracious Lord God and heal me, heal my sick Soul which panteth at thy Feet, as is even at the point to perish, reject not him who dejecteth himself; let not the abusing of my self make me seem base unto thee, enter not into Judgment with thy Servant, but according to the multitude of thy Mercies, put away mine Iniquity, and remember my Sin no more; favour, O Lord, favour and forbear me, that thou mayst be praised in the Work
of

of thy Mercy, who never failest them that put their Trust in thee.

Think not on thy Hate against a Sinner, but think on thy Love towards thy Creature; remember not thy Justice whereby thou punishest, but remember thy Mercy whereby thou savest; forget me as I was disobedient, provoking thy Wrath, but remember and regard me as I am distressed, crying to thee for help: Lord comfort me that am weak, heal me that am wounded, raise me that am dead, heal the infirmity which grieveth me, and thou shalt remove the deformity that offendeth thee; take away the wretchedness whereof I languish, and thou shalt take away the loathsomeness which thou abhorrest: Free me from the Danger, and thou shalt free thy self from thy Displeasure.

O sweet Lord and most merciful Jesus, we know wherefore thou camest into the World, even to seek and to save that which was lost; and do not thou, O Lord, forget that which we vile Wretches not only know to be very Truth, but acknowledge to be our only Trust. Thou camest to save that which was lost, and wilt thou suffer me to perish in the view of thy pitiful Eyes? in the pre-

'sence of thy Bowels of Mercy thou camest to call Sinners to Repentance, and wilt thou not hear them when they do repent? thou camest to seek those which wandered, and to assemble those which were dispersed, and wilt thou not receive those which come unto thee, which cry after thee, which call upon thee?

Thou didst not stop thy Ears when thou wast blasphemed: and wilt thou stop them now thou art entreated? thou didst not turn thy Face from them that spat upon thee, and buffeted thee, and wilt thou now turn it away from those that pray unto thee? O thou Hope of my Heart, and strength of my Soul, whither shall I run for succour? to whom shall I resort, but only unto thee who art the Reconciler, the Redeemer, the Saviour of Mankind.

O Reconciler, whom wilt thou reconcile to thy Father, if thou rejectest a poor Sinner who condemneth himself and calleth upon thee? If Death shall devour him who despaireth in himself and trusteth in thee; and that Soul shall be drowned in Hell which acknowledgeth his own Wickedness with fear, and thy Goodness with love; O Redeemer, whom hast thou then redeemed? O Saviour whom then wilt thou save?

O Christ hear me; O Christ help me, or else tell me, thy unworthy Servant; O Merciful God tell thy Servant, to whom shall I cry? to whom shall I complain? who is more able to help? who more easie to be intreated? to whom may I fly more safely? to whom more readily? who is more mighty? who more mild? where may I be more bold? where more secure?

O thou only Refuge and Rock of Defence to the Distressed and Afflicted, to whom no Man sueth without hopes of Help, forsake me not now I call upon thee; thou didst call me to the end I should seek after thee, thou didst seek me out, and sweet Jesus I praise thee for this voluntary Goodness; O let it not be unprofitable unto me; finish that work thou hast begun, and give me the thing thou hast moved me to desire.

Hear my Prayer, and have Mercy upon me a poor forsaken Wretch, look upon the Tears of my Misery, and speak Peace to my sobbing Soul: Have mercy upon me, O Son of David, O Fountain of Mercy have Mercy upon me, and for thy dear Names sake reject not him whom of thy Goodness, and for thy Glory thou hast Created:

heal the Diseased, help the Distressed which cry to thee for Comfort.

O Light, behold the Blind : O strength, stretch forth thy Hand that the Lame may come unto thee : O Life, raise the Dead out of the Sepulchre of his Sins : O Merciful Lover of Mankind, shew thy self unto me ; Reveal thy Glory ; Reveal thy Grace ; O let me behold, O let me hold thee ; let me find, let me feell that thou only art the Hope of the Distressed, the Relief of the Afflicted, the Comfort, the Joy, the Strength of all. O Christ, let me not in vain believe this Truth : O Christ, let me not in vain desire this Mercy ; and if my Faith be so faint, my Hope so cold, my Prayer so weak, that I can thereby deserve neither Pardon of my Sins, nor Participation of thy Righteousness ; supply ; I beseech thee, all my Wants and Imperfections, that by thy Mercy I may obtain the one, and by thy Merits the other ; for all our Goodness is thy free Gift : Expect therefore no more of me than thou dost give me : Give me what Perfection thou Requirest, and Require of me what Perfection thou wilt. For although thou hast enjoined us a Task to serve thee, yet it is not in any possibility of our Power ; but
upon

upon promise of thy Divine Assistance: Therefore so much the more do thou for me, as thou seest my Power wanting, for by my Weakness I am the more fit to be enabled by thy Strength, to which all things are so far from being impossible, that nothing is difficult. Therefore, O Lord God, rebuke the Troubles of my tempestuous Soul; calm my unquiet Conscience; pull me out of the Arms of Sin, which will hurry me to Darkness, which is the blackest of Darkness, and receive me into the Embracements of thy Heavenly Light: Set my Feet in thy Pathes, and so both order and strengthen my Steps, that I may not only walk, but run the ways of thy Commandments.

Bring me, O Lord, from loving and delighting in any Worldly Enjoyments into my self, and from my self, unto thee, that I may become like thee in Will and Desire: Set me wholly on fire with thy Love, thy Sweet Love, thy Chast Love, thy Everlasting Love, with Contentment and Joy in thee. Let thy Love captivate my Senses from all other Delights: Let it clear my Soul from the Vanities of the Flesh, that my Understanding may know thee, my Heart honour thee, my

Will to obey thee: All my Forces may serve thee with the greatest intentions and industry, to amend my Faults, to beat down my Passions, to maintain my good Motions, and to prosecute my good Purposes and Endeavours effectually, that as hitherto I have served the Devil, the World, and my self, so from henceforwards I may serve thee with all my Might, and with all my Strength, and with all my Soul, to the Praise and Glory of thy Great Name for Ever and Ever.

Some

Some Holy

DIRECTIONS,

To Die well.

DEAR Hearts; What doth the Lord require of you, but to do Justly, to love Mercy, and walk Humbly with God; and to break off with your Sins, and to take no more pleasure or delight in them, but hate and abhor them for the future, and utterly cast them behind your Backs, and to press forwards towards the Mark of the Prize of the high Calling in Christ Jesus our Lord, for the time is hastening and coming on, wherein it shall be said; *He that is unjust let him be unjust still, and he that is filthy let him be filthy still, and he that is righteous let him be righteous still, and he that is holy let him be holy still.*

C A

There-

Therefore you Sinners that are in a lost and undone Condition, look to it before it be too late, and your Day of Grace be over, and the Door of Mercy shut. Consider seriously your time is short, yea very short, your Breath is in your Nostrils; your life but a Vapour, your Day but a Span, and can you tell what will be to Morrow or the next Moment? Can you lengthen your Days? Can you cause the Air to breath, or the Wind to blow, or the Sun to shine? Can ye give Life to any thing? Know you your own Life, or what is in you? Are you sure of one Breath more? If you cannot do any of these things, is it not high time to awake out of sleep, lest you sleep the sleep of Death, and leave off your old course of sinning, and doing despite to the Spirit of Grace, with your Excess, with your Riot, with your Pride, with your Haughtiness, Surleiting, Drunkenness, Gluttony, Wantonness, Cursing, Swearing, Dicing, Gaming, Chambering, Revelling, spending the Creatures on your Lusts, lovers of Pleasures more than God, with such like? But this was not the end for which you were made; rather that you should be *Humble,*
Sober,

Sober, Meek, Just, Temperate, lovers of good things, lovers of God, Liberal, Charitable, given to good Works, lovers of Hospitality, Kind, Vertuous, serving the Lord without distraction, passing the time of your sojourning here in fear.

Be exhorted then, not to live in the Pleasures of this Life; for they have Stings in their Tails, and will certainly bring Sorrow and Misery in the end: for he that liveth in Pleasure is dead whilst he liveth; but draw nigh to God and he will draw nigh to you: *Cleanse your hands ye sinners, purifie your hearts ye double minded; be afflicted, mourn and weep, let your laughter be turned into mourning, and your joy into heaviness; humble your selves in the sight of the Lord and he shall lift you up.* •

O up and be doing the Work of the Day, for the Night cometh wherein no Man can work, begin this great work of Repentance and Reformation this day, and put it off no longer, delays are very dangerous: be not like *Solomon's* Sluggard; or like the Five foolish Virgins that had their Oyl to seek when the Bridegroom came, and whilst they went to seek for Oyl to supply the want

of their Lamps, the Door was shut. Seriously weigh and consider what those would give for the offers of Grace and Mercy, that are now roaring in Hells Flames, they would certainly be heartily willing to give a thousand Worlds for those Privileges you now enjoy: should God but say to some of the Damned that are now in Hell for Drunkenness, Whoredom, and other Abominations, *Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden*, it is not to be imagined how joyfully they would receive such pleasant Tidings; O therefore take warning, you do not know how soon this miserable Condition may be yours; and how can you think to escape if you neglect so great Salvation.

But the Devils in Hell too much know and feel Misery and Torment, to slight Mercy if it were offered to them. But woe and alas, poor damned Wretches, there is not so much as one Scruple of Mercy or Compassion, no not so much as one drop of Water to allay the heat of their burning Tongues. O therefore make your Peace with God before it be too late, for if you lose your Souls you lose all, and then you are undone for ever.

Con-

Consider the Land of Darkness is no Place for doing Business, there is no Repenting in the Grave; no Lord have Mercy is written upon Hell Gates: No Sabbaths, no Sermons, no Ministry, no Ordinances, nor any means at all there; it is in the time of our health and strength we must make Preparation for Heaven; therefore make it your business daily to live so Uprightly, Justly, Holily, as that when it is the Will of God to call you hence, you may be fitted and prepared to appear before his dreadful Tribunal, that you may not fall into the Condemnation of the Wicked, which is Dreadful and Intolerable. *Psal. 6. 12 Upon the wicked he shall rain snares, fire and brimstone, and a horrible tempest shall be the portion of their Cup. Plal. 140. 10. Let burning Coals fall upon them; let them be cast into the Fire, into deep pits, that they rise not up again.*

The Immensely Holy and Heart-searching God watcheth, seeth, and takes a strict Account of all your Actions, and they will find you out; and if not truly Repented of and Pardoned, they will lie down with you in the Grave, and follow you into another World; and

meet you at God's dreadful Bar, and be open to the view of the whole World. Sin is a bad Bed-fellow, and a worse Grave-fellow.

Therefore shake off all your Evil Courses; cease from doing Evil, learn to do well, otherwise they will bring bitterness in the End; Sinners, you are still the living Monuments of God's infinite Kindness and Mercy: suppose you had tetcht your last breath, when Death seem'd to be near you, when you who were sick and ready to give up the Ghost, or when those many Thousands died by the Plague and Sword; in what a sad and lamentable Condition would your Souls have been, to be lockt up with Devils and Damned Souls in that Infernal Lake that burneth with Fire and Brimstone. O, and will you dare to stand it out with the Most High God your Maker, that can Command you into nothing, or into Hell? What are you stark Mad or out of your Wits, to make God, that should be your best Friend, your greatest Enemy; *For if his Anger be kindled but a little, it will burn to the lowest Hell.*

Therefore

Therefore whatsoever it is now your Duty to do both to God and Man, now set about it and do it with all your Might. *Ecclesiasticks 9. 10. Now before the decree comes forth, and the day pass as the Chaff, before the fierce Anger of the Lord come upon you.*

Be very careful and diligent in those means that are appointed for your Salvation, 2 Peter 1. 10. *Make your Calling and Election sure; work out your Salvation with fear and trembling.* It is our present work and business, to make sure of future Happiness and Blessedness. When our Friends, Pleasures, Profits, Honours, and all this World can afford, cannot be made sure, let this be made sure if ever you intend to be happy. You may see by daily Experience they are very uncertain, therefore lay up for your selves a good Foundation, 1 Tim. 6. 19. Why? that you make sure of Eternal Happiness, for there is no Landing at the Shore of Felicity, without failing in the Bark of Fidelity; till you make sure of Salvation you will never be free from Temptations; Luke 13. 24. *Strive to enter in at the straight Gate.*

Therefore

Therefore pray without ceasing, 1 Thess.
4. 17. Pray continually though you be not always at Prayer; our daily Wants call for daily Prayers, every Morning put up your Prayers to the most High God, Maker of Heaven and Earth; let it be your first work and your last work: You that would be Christians indeed, and not in outward shew and profession only, lock up your Hearts with Prayer, and give God the Key, and he will preserve you, and then you may sleep without any fear of danger. You are willing to be call'd by the Name of Christ, and would take it very ill should any call you by any other Name? and will you not call upon the Name of Christ? O, you will never want a praying time, if you do not want a praying frame: None can pray aright, but those that are born of the Spirit; a Spiritual Man may pray Carnally, but a Carnal Man cannot pray Spiritually. O the strength and virtue of Divine Prayer, it will fetch Fire from Heaven, yea an Angel from Heaven to fetch a Peter out of Prison, they that pray heartily and in faith, may be fully assured they shall speed happily; the Gift of Prayer may have praise with

with Men, but it is the Grace of Prayer that hath any influence or power with God.

Secondly, take all opportunities, and embrace them for the hearing of the good Word of God, for *Faith comes by bearing of the word preached.*

Take nothing upon Trust, but all that you hear upon tryal; though all Gold glitters, yet all is not Gold that glitters; that may be false that goes forth true, and too often it happens so, to the sorrow of a great many; 1 *John* 4. 1. *Therefore try the spirits, believe not every Spirit, see whether they be of God or no.* 1 *Thess.* 5. 21. *Prove all things, and hold all fast that which is good;* that is, try all things that you hear for doctrine by the Scriptures: many believe before they try and so are many times deceived, but if we would not be cheated and believe a Lye, we must try and prove the truth of any thing before we believe it: Alas there are many in the World that are like Infants, who swallow down all that is put into their Mouths, that which every man says, down it goes for Truth, and will not take the pains as to try the Sayings of
Men

58 *Holy Directions to die well.*

Men by the Sayings of God ; O say they, the Men we hear are honest Men, able Men, and learned Men, I suppose you would tell Money after these Men, or weigh Gold, and yet will you run the hazzard, and dare to venture the well being of your Immortal Souls, in taking their Doctrine upon trust, without tryal ; who but Fools will be thus credulous ? but I pray remember, although the Whores Cup is Gold without, it is rank Poyson within, *Rev. 17. 4. She had a Golden Cup in her hand full of abominations and filthiness ;* there is them that will speak like Angels of Light, but act like Angels of Darkness ; therefore take care what you hear, and if it be that that is agreeable to the Word, put forwards with doing of it with all your might ; and be not only bearers of the Word, but doers.

Thirdly, Live in Love and Charity towards all Men, your greatest Enemies as well as your best Friends. *1 John 3. 18. My Children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in love and in truth : Let your love be real and true, and not selfish. Gal. 5. 14. Love thy neighbour as thy*

thy self; and he that is wanting in this great work, doth not rightly and truly love himself; this love is called an old Commandment, and a new Commandment, it is as old as the Law of *Moses*, and as new as the Glorious Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. The Natural and Mortal Man may love his Friend, but the True Christian, the Christian indeed loves his Enemies: that great God of Heaven and Earth, that loved us when we were his greatest Enemies, commands us to love those that are our Enemies. *Matth. 4. 24. Love your Enemies, bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you; pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you. A Christian should wish the best to them that wish the worst to him.*

Fourthly, Be Humble Christians, *Matth. 11. 29. Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in Heart, and you shall find rest to your Souls: for proud Sinners are fit Company for none but proud Devils; the most Lordly Professor is the most lowly Professor. A Believer is like a Vessel at Sea, the more it fills the more it sinks; none so hum-*
ble

ble on Earth, as those that live highest in Heaven. Do but see how one of the best of Saints lookt upon himself as one of the least of Saints *Unto me who am less than the least of all Saints, is this Grace given, that I should preach amongst the Gentiles the unsearchable Riches of Christ.* Where Humility is the Corner-Stone, there Piety is the Top-Stone: the Cloth of Humility should always be worn upon the back of Christianity.

If you were to go but to the Graves of those that are gone before, you there would see their Bones scattered, their Eyes wasted, their Flesh consumed, their Mouths corrupted, that it is like were lofty ones once. Where be now their Ruddy Lips, their Lovely Cheeks, their fluent Tongues, their sparkling Eyes? are they not all gone and come to nothing; and so will you be ere long: Therefore what cause have you to be proud of those things; but an humble Heart delighteth in nothing more than God's Grace; and all his aim and end in all his Actions, is God's Glory.

Fifthly if we have got into God's Favour, let us be sure to labour to keep in his Favour whilst we live, and then certainly we shall die in his Favour: Says David, Psal. 73. 28. It is good for me to draw near to God. I have put my trust in the Lord God, that I may declare all his Works. He that dwelleth under the shadow and Protection of the most high, no evil designs of his Enemies shall ever do him any harm. Psal. 91. 10. He will give his Angels charge over thee. Though the Fig-Tree should not blossom, and there be no Fruit in the Vine; though the labour of the Olive should fail, and the Fields should yield no Meat, and the Flock should be cast off from the Fold, and the Herds from the Stall, yet will I rejoice in the Lord, yet will I rejoice in the God of my Salvation. H.b. 3. 17, 18. The name of the Lord is a strong Tower, and the Righteous flee to it and are safe. Jam. 4. 8. Draw near to God, and he will draw near to you.

Sure this is great Comfort to you that are People of God, though you be as Lilies among Thorns, and as Sheep among Wolves, you have a God
to

to go to : *Come my People, enter into thy Chambers, shut the Door about thee, hide thy self as it were for a little Moment, until the Indignation be overpast.* Let the World frown, and Friends forsake you, God will make all these Enjoyments a thousand times double to you ; do you but keep in God's Ways, and you will be sure of God's Protection : do you but keep God's Precepts, and God will keep your Person : do what God commands, and avoid what God forbids, and then you need not fear what Man can do unto you. If you would have God to take care of you, you must cast your care upon God, wait on him, walk with him, obey his Precepts and believe his Promises.

Sixthly , make Religion your chief Business : *Wherefore the rather Brethren give all diligence to make your Calling and Election sure, 2 Pet. 1. 10. Work out your Salvation with fear and trembling, Phil. 2. 2. Seek you first the Kingdom of God and his Righteousness, and all these things shall be added to you, Matth. 6. 33.* Oh why is the Glory of this World so much regarded, but because the Glory of Heaven

ven is so little minded : What is an Earthly Kingdom in comparison of an Heavenly Kingdon. The angels themselves, though they be Glorious Spirits, they are Ministring Spirits. Do not most Men in the World make light of God and Christ, and the Spirit, and their precious Souls. *Matt. 23. 3, 4, 5.* And he sent forth his Servants to call them that were bidden to the Wedding, and they would not come : Again he sent forth other Servants, saying tell them that are bidden, Behold I have prepared my Dinner, my Oxen and Fatlings are killed, and all things are ready, come unto the Marriage : But they made light of it, one to his Farm, and another to his Merchandize. Oh wretched Worldings indeed ! who will read, hear, and pray when they have nothing else to do : But did such Men know what it is to lose Everlasting Glory, and to be cast into Everlasting Fire prepared for the Devil and his Angels, surely they would never dare to do as they do, to make Religion such a by Business. Oh, if they did but know the worth of their Souls and the want of a Saviour, the shortness of their time, and the greatness of their work, they

they neglect God and their own Souls as they do? surely no.

O my dear Hearts, who ever you be that happen to read these few Lines, let me beg of you to make Religion your main business, Hearing, Reading, Praying, Believing, and doing your chief Business, take St. John's Advice: *Labour not for the Meat which perisheth, but for that Meat which endureth to everlasting Life, which the Son of Man shall give you; for him hath God the Father sealed.*

Seventhly and Lastly, Do nothing in this World but what you can answer in another; For we shall all appear before the Judgment-Seat of Christ that every one may receive for the things he hath done in his Body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad, 2 Cor. 5. 10. In the day when God shall judge the Secrets of Men's Hearts by my Gospel, Rom. 2. 16. He hath appointed a day in which he shall judge the World in Righteousness, by that man whom he hath ordained, Acts 17. 31. For God shall bring every Work to Judgment, every Secret, whether it be good or whether it be

be evil, Eccles. 12. Let these few Scriptures warn you not to do any thing in this World but what you can answer in another.

A Short

DISCOURSE OF THE

Great Danger of a Long-delayed
and Death-Bed Repentance

Observe these few Directions, and not only so but make a thorough search into the sad Condition that your Souls are in; therefore lift up your Eyes, miserable Souls, and see to what you were created, and behold in what a sad and deplorable Condition you are now in. Thou wast created to be the Spouse of Christ, the Temple of God, a Vessel of election and Throne of the true *Solomon*, even the Rich and Royal Seat of Wisdom; but now the Spouse of Christ is held and detained in the ugly

ly Arms and adulterous Embracements of the Devil; the Temple of Christ is turned into a Cage of unclean Birds, to a Den of Thieves; the Vessel of Election is filled with filth; the Throne of Wisdom is become a seat of Folly, a Seat of Madness, a Chair of Unholiness.

Alas wretched Soul! Let the Consideration of this sad Condition melt thy hard Heart, and cause thy dry Eyes to yield some Tears: Lament thy miserable Estate, lament miserable Soul; bestow some Lamentations upon thy self. O poor Soul, the very Heavens lament thee; the Angels lament thee, yea the Saints lament thee: Christ let more Tears fall for thee out of the abundance of his Love than he did for the Desolation of that beautiful City, *Jerusalem*. Alas, lamentable Soul! When didst thou feel? when find in thy self the most comfortable Guest of Conscience, the Holy Spirit, which wheresoever it entereth abideth not idle; it doth not only adorn the Soul with its presence, but sanctifies it with its Vertues, working all things that are necessary to Salvation: It sitteth in the Soul as a

Master

Master in the House, Directing; as a Teacher in the School, Instructing; as a King in his Dominions, Ruling; as a Soul in the Body, giving Life, Sense, and Motion to every Member; as a Sun in the Heavens illuminating the Understanding, Inflaming the Will, making of us not only able, but apt and willing to mount upward, it maketh us decline all manner of Evil, and only to cleave to that which is Good, and to persevere in it, and at last puts us into the possession of the Reward of it.

But this good Friend hath been a very stranger unto thee; thou hast not affected; thou hast not invited; thou hast not entertained him as thou oughtest, but rather treated him as the *Gadarens*, and compell'd him as the *Samaritans* did Christ, to depart from thee; thou hast altogether stifled thy Conscience, or lull'd it at least into a sound and secure sleep, using thy best endeavours to sharpen thy Wits, to frame Arguments either to justify or excuse this Ingratitude towards him which, joyned with Custom, hath brought thee to no sense of many Sins, which at first were fearfully committed by thee, and which thy own Conscience doth still convince thee is very bad. The Prophet

Elizeus said to his Servant Gehazi, thou hast taken Silver and Garments of Naaman; also the Leprosie of Naaman shall cleave unto thee: the like Sentence thou hast likewise found, thou hast affected the vile Vanities of this World, and thou art infected with a Leprosie of the same. O my Soul! what dost thou intend? what canst thou pretend? wilt thou still continue in this wicked Course of Life? dost thou never intend to change thy Carriage? wilt thou live and die in thy Sins, and so be Damned for ever? I suppose thou wilt answer, No; thou hast some Intentions hereafter to amend, but if ever thou dost intend to take to a good Course of Life, why not now? why hereafter? Let me tell thee, no Excuses at the last will serve thy turn, therefore take heed how thou goest on in folding of thy Arms, in putting thy Hands into thy Bosom with Solomon's Sluggard, crying *a little more sleep, a little more slumber;* When will it be more easie? When more convenient? No time more easie, nor so convenient as the present time. *Now is the acceptable time, now is the day of salvation.*

Ala

Alas poor Soul ! how miserably art thou intangled in the Witchcraft of this World ? how deceitfully doth the Devil abuse thee , by perswading of thee to that which he cannot deny to be most necessary for thee to do ? How cunningly doth he suffer thee to play upon the Hook, and think that at pleasure thou mayest escape.

Assuredly whensoever thou shalt offer to break from him, he will ever perswade thee that it is not yet time, whensoever thou shalt offer to cast him forth, he always cries that he is tormented before his time ; by often, by ever renewing Delays, he ~~shall~~ and will seek to win thy whole ~~time~~ from thee, and so ensnare thee for ever.

But look, I pray thee, to the State of thy Life, examine those years that are already past and gone ; consider the Age wherein thou now livest, and thou shalt easily see, that it is high time, or rather past time, for thee to settle thy self to amendment of Life ; and if thou hadst never committed any one Sin, yet all this time is short enough to Repent of those thou broughtest with thee ; and if thou hadst brought none, and

hast not time to Repent of, and Reform those thou dost daily commit; thinkest thou, that for all thy Sins Original and Actual, thou hast too much time to Repent in?

Not yet easie, not yet convenient to break off with thy Sins: Tell me, silly Soul, blinded with Ignorance, either affected or very gross, how canst thou think it will be more easie and more convenient for thee hereafter, when evil Custom shall grow more strong, and settle thee in a habit of Sin; when the Faculties of thy Soul shall be more weak, or more corrupt; when the Possession of the Devil shall be both of greater force and familiarity within thee, and when thou shalt be more separate from the assistance of God's grace, which is the only means that maketh our Conversion easie.

If these be now the only impediments, the only causes and hindrances, is any Man of so weak a Judgment, to think his Conversion will be more easie hereafter? Is not this the custom of bad Debtors, who daily defer payment, and daily increase their debts, and so grow more unable to discharge them? is it not thus
with

e- with a ruinous Building, the longer it
t; is suffered to run, the more charge it
i- will require to be repaired; so fast as
th our Sins do increase, so fast do the
o Knots multiply wherewith the Soul is
ly iced to the pleasure of the Devil; so
f- fast doth the Chains grow both heavier
k- and stronger, wherewith it is fettered
e- and clogged with returning to God.

e- If thou canst not pass through the
- Foard when the Waters are low, how
e- wilt thou do it when they are risen? if
- it be hard for thee to pluck up a Twig,
r- what wilt thou do when it is grown to
f- a Tree? If the Sparks, the Coals, the
e- Fire-Brands of Hell be not easily quenched,
r- to what rage will the full Flame
e- thereof arise? If thy Green Wounds
e- be so hard to be cured, what will be
thy old fester'd Sores? Now thou art to
strive with a few Sins, hereafter they
will be many: Now thou art wrestling
against the evil Custom a few years,
hereafter it will be a grounded Custom
of long continuance, every day thy Sins
increase in multitude, because one Sin
draweth on another, and thy Custom of
sinning increaseth in strength until it
groweth to be natural unto thee.

He that driveth a Nail, striketh at first easily, and afterwards doubleth his blow: inasmuch that the more blows he striketh, the more it is fastned, and the harder it will be to draw forth; so all our evil Actions are so many strokes to fasten Sin within our Souls: the more sinful Actions we commit, the faster Sin sticketh within us, and the harder it will be to get clear of it. By use of sinning the Understanding is darkned and made blind; the Will is weakned and made more inclinable to Evil; the Appetite is disordered, all the Interior Passions are made Head strong and Rebellious against the Government of Reason.

Hereby it cometh to pass, that many Men in their decrepid age, and through weakness of Nature, they are not able to act in several sorts of Sins any longer, yet they take greater pleasure in thinking and discoursing of them, than ever they did in the committing of them; for by continual Custom which possesseth the Place of Nature, the love of those Vices is so rooted into the Heart of the Soul, so soaked into the Substance thereof that it cannot possible be separated from the same: Hereupon Job saith in
the

the 20th of Job and 11. Verse, *His Bones are full of the Sins of his youth, and they shall lie down with him in the dust.*

What folly is it then? nay how far doth it exceed the Bounds of folly? how mad, how insensible art thou, O my Soul, to defer thy Amendment, to delay thy Repentance, to this impotent Age, which is so unfit to follow those severe Exercises, which both the Conversion of a Sinner and Conversation of a Christian doth require, that it is sometimes not able to bear its own Infirmities? What, wilt thou lay the greatest burthen upon the weakest Beast? that Burthen which in thy full strength thou wast not able to bear, wilt thou yet make it more heavy and lay it upon thy declining years? Wilt thou spend the flourishing years of thy Youth, Beauty, and strength in the Service of the Devil, and think it sufficient to consecrate impotent old Age to the Service of Almighty God?

No, assure your self, God will not accept of such Service, for he requireth the fattest, and the fairest, without blemish, for Sacrifice in every Peace Offering: *Lev. 3. All the fat is the Lord's.* He rebuked and punished those who Of-

forced the worst part of their Substance, *Malachi* 1. 8. *The blind, the lame, and the sick* unto him; this God required in the Substance of his People, but he requireth more in themselves; in themselves he not only requires the best part, but the more, the whole; if the Devil hath any part, God careth for none.

If then the last Age of thy Life be so insufficient, so unfit for true Repentance, what account wilt thou make of the last hour of the same? Darest thou adventure to defer this great and weighty work of thy Soul until the last hour, wherein it is almost impossible it should be performed? O heavy hour! O dangerous delay. It is the Nature of good things to be hardly attain'd, and dost thou think to attain the best and most excellent Good, the Kingdom of Heaven, the injoyment of Almighty God, the Society of Angels, with so little labour, at so low a price? is it not against the Law of Equity and Justice, that he who spendeth his whole Life in the Service of the Devil should expect Wages, or any good reward from Almighty God? doth not the Judgment against the Five foolish Virgins make thee afraid,
who

who never made Preparations for Oil, until the Bridegroom came, then they went to seek for Oil to trim their Lamps, and the while the Door was shut.

Search the Scriptures, and thou shalt find it a general Rule, such as the Life is, so is the Death; as the Tree falleth so it lieth; as Death leaves thee, so Judgment will find thee, *Eccles. 21. 10. The way of Sinners is paved with stones, but at the end thereof is Hell, darkness and pain.* The Prophet David saith in the 61. Psal. 12. *That God rewardeth every Man according to his works.* St. Paul tells thee, that the end of the wicked will be according to his Works, *Gal. 6. Look what a Man soweth, that he shall reap: he that soweth in the flesh, shall of the flesh reap Corruption; he that soweth in the spirit, shall in the spirit reap Life Everlasting* Generally thou shalt find it so thorough all the whole course of the Scriptures, nothing more spoken of than this one Sentence, under some variety of words; if then the End of a Man be answerable to his Life; if naturally the End of all things be answerable to the middle Passage, what can be expected from a wicked Life but a

wretched End: Doth not a Tree fall that ways, whither by growing it doth incline? He whose Thoughts, Words, and Actions, whose whole Life did incline towards Hell, whither in the end will he fall? where will he lie? where shall he abide, *Luke 16. 26. Heaven and Hell are directly opposite, and a great distance lieth between them, the ways to them quite contrary*: If all thy Life thou hast travelled the way to Hell, is it probable in the end thou shouldst arrive at Heaven?

God can, indeed, when he pleases inspire into thee true Repentance; it is Impiety to abridge either his Mercy or his power; but how often hath he done it in the last hour of Life? how many do then truly Repent? is not all that thou canst do in this hour, rather upon necessity than choice of thy will; constrain'd, rather than freely performed, proceeding rather from fear than from love? and if it be from Love, it is not of God, but of thy self, for avoiding those dangers that otherwise thou mightest fall into again: What honour can it be to God? what thanks shall it be to thy self, if thou forsake thy Pleasures, and
abandon

abandon thy Sins, when thou hast no longer time to enjoy them? it is far more acceptable to God, to repent and forsake thy Sins, when thou hast both time and opportunity to sin? Further, how shalt thou be able to fix thy Thoughts earnestly upon the business of thy Soul, when the Guiltiness of Sin, the Love of the World, the Pains, and which is worse, the Extreame fear of Death, shall not suffer thee so to recollect, as is requisite in so weighty a Cause?

Lastly, thy long continued Custom of sin, being grown to a Habit, to a Nature within thee, it will hardly in one instant be altered; hereupon we have often seen, that many who shew good signs of Repentance in some greivous sickness, when they recover health become as Evil as they were before, nay many times worse, as the Prophet *Jeremiah* saith, *Jer. 13. 23. Can the Ethiopian change his hue, or the Leopard his spots, then may you also do good that are accustomed to do evil.*

O Miserable Soul! if thou settest thy Salvation upon this hazard, doubtless the Devil gathereth such Advantages by thy delay, that if he possesse thee all thy
late

Life, he will hardly loose thee at the hour of Death.

Thou hast little experience in Spiritual Matters, if thou knowest not that he is most violent at the last; like an expert Soldier, who reserveth his best Force till the issue of the Field, if he winneth that Skirmish he wins all; either thou shalt want opportunity to repent, by reason of the sudden surprize of Death, or else thou shalt find thy Will heavy and dull, thy Power daunted and distracted, and so disabled from accomplishing so weighty a Work.

In regard of the first, the Wise Man saith Eccles. 5. 7. *Make no tarrying to turn unto the Lord, and put not off from day to day for suddenly shall his wrath break forth, and in thy security thou shalt be destroyed,* Pro. 1. 28. In reference to the other, God hath said, *They shall call upon me, but I will not hear; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me:* not that God faileth of his Promise of receiving a Sinner whensoever he shall turn from his wickedness, but because that this his turning to God when he is turning out of the World, is commonly no true Conversion, but such as that
whereof

whereof the Prophet *Hosea* speaketh,
*They howl and roar in their Beds, but call
not upon me in their Hearts.*

To die well is a long Art, which
thou hast but a short time to learn;
they that have long furnished themselves
with all Spiritual Means, find work
enough to vanquish and overcome all
their Spiritual Enemies: How then shalt
thou, careless Soul, if thou wilt not
take hold of this Opportunity, be in
hopes to effect it, when the onset of
the Enemy shall be most strong and
prevalent, and thou through Pains in
thy Body, and Perplexity and De-
stractedness of Mind very weak, and
no ways able to resist; when Impedi-
ments shall be multiplied, helps dimi-
nished, thy Distractedness great, thy incli-
nation little, and leisure none; for at
the Hour of Death, there is so many
and great things which will cause
thee to die, that thou shalt have nei-
ther Mind, nor Time, nor Strength to
die well.

How dar'st thou adventure, O my
Soul, to let the least Opportunity to
escape thee? to defer one day for the
change of thy Life, when thou dost
not

not know whether thou shalt live another day, and whereon depends thy Everlasting welfare? dar'st thou adventure to cross those Seas without any fear, where thousands of Passengers have suffered Shipwrack, and have been lost for ever?

God died that Sin should die, and wilt thou have it live one Moment within thee? There is no greater Wisdom in this World, than to do as *Samson* did, when he was deceived, and bound by his *Dalila*, and let upon by the *Philistines*, to break thy Bands asunder, and to shake off all the Shackles of Worldly Delights; to cast off the troublesome Cares of this Life, and to walk in Wisdom's ways, *Whose ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.* To this Reason, Equity and Law do bind thee; to this, Heaven, Earth, Hell, Life, Death, Justice and Mercy do both invite and ingage thee.

Christ hanging upon the Cross doth preach the Crucifying of Sin unto thee; the Word which he hath left is a destroying Sword, it must and will assuredly kill thee or thy Sins: whither-
forever

soever thou turnest thy Ears, thou maist hear all Creatures to cry unto thee, and call thee from thy Sins : Is it possible so many loud Voices should cry and not be heard, and never be regarded? nor no Promises oblige and engage thee; nor Threatnings of God's dreadful Judgments deter thee from proceeding any further in thy most abominable and sinful Courses.

What could Christ have done more for thee; he hath spent his Blood, his precious Blood, every drop of his precious Blood, to draw thee off from Sin unto himself? Is it possible that after all this unspeakable Love and Kindness of the Lord Jesus to thy Soul, thou shouldest trample upon the Blood of the Holy Son of God, in living in a wilful disobedience to all his Holy Commands? *whose yoke is easie, and whose burthen is light*: Out upon thee, impudent and impure Soul, more accursed than *Adam*, for whose Iniquity all the Earth was accursed; more damnable, which I tremble to speak, than the Devil himself; for they lived having no Examples of Justice to restrain them, but thou after many Examples of God's impla-

implacable Justice, dost neither abandon nor abate thy sinning against him.

Tell me, Traitor, tell me thou Fuel of Hell Fire, what couldst thou do more if the Christian Faith were a meer Fable, or the Gospel a Counterfeit Gloss, than that thou hast done? I see that for fear of Shame and Disgrace, and loss of Reputation, or for fear of Human Justice, for Reverence, and Respect of Men, thou wilt moderate thy Delights, and keep them from being sensible of thy great Extravagancies; but for Fear, or Reverence, or Love to God, not in the least relinquish thy immoderate Pleasures, being so far from putting a Restraint upon thy sinful Desires, as to glory in them: Tell me, filthy Soul, thou Son of Belial, thou blind, mad, senseless Fool, where is thy Conscience thou art so secure? where is thy Faith? where is thy Judgment? where are thy Wits? that thou art not sensible of that unspeakable Misery of being cast into Hell Fire, and that for ever, which thy sinful and wretched Life lays thee liable and obnoxious to; therefore, as thou tenderest the Everlasting welfare of

thy

thy precious and immortal Soul, let what has been desired of thee in this small Piece, and in the other I have Published before, be strictly observed and done without delay, that so you may be Everlastingly happy with God and his Holy Angels in the Highest Heavens.

Sundry

EXAMPLES O F

God's Dreadful Judgments,

Against violent breakers of

His Holy Commandments.

A Drunken Blasphemous Wretch being Carouling at an Inn in the Country, among some of his Merry and Jovial Companions, started this Atheistical Question amongst them, Whether they did believe any Man there was possit with a Soul; at which one of the soberest made this wise Answer, that for certain and without dispute,

dispute, every Man upon the Face of the whole Earth was endowed with a Rational and Immortal Soul, and that the Scriptures did make it manifest that it is so, and that every Soul that doth well whilst here, shall be rewarded with an Immortal Crown of Glory hereafter, and all those that do wickedly, shall suffer Everlasting Punishment in Hells intolerable Flames: To which he had the Impudence to swear by his Maker, that he did really believe, that the Soul did not live after the Body was dead, and that Heaven and Hell was only invented by the Priest to get Money, and so meer Fables; and as for his part, he would sell it to any Person that would buy it: one that was there said to him, sell me thy Soul for this Glass of Beer, which he did, and so drunk it off; the Devil being there in the shape of a Man, said to the Man that had bought it, sell it me, which he did at the same price. The Devil having bought the Soul of this Vile and Wretched Fellow, of the Man to whom he sold it, did demand it of him; he making some Excusations, the Devil snatcht him away from

from the rest of his Companions, carried him into the Air towards his Habitation, where it is not to be doubted, but he found he had a Soul, and that there was a Hell to punish it to his Everlasting Sorrow.

At *Wunsheirn* in *Germany* there was a Man had committed divers Murders some years before, who about *Easter* bought Three Calves Heads, and putting them in a Net, carried them along the Streets; all that saw them did believe they were Mens Heads all bloody, and so caused him to be Apprehended; and was brought before the Senate, he being asked where he had those Mens Heads, answered, he bought them in the Shambles; the Butcher being sent for, said he sold him Calves Heads, not Mens Heads; the Senate being amazed at the Action, sent him to Prison, where being strictly examined, confessed the former Murders, and so was Executed for the same. When the heads were taken out of the Net, they were seen to be but Calves Heads: So that we may see by this Example, that God will find out Murder, let it be done never so secretly

secretly, and sooner or later, bring the Murderer to open shame.

John Peter, Son-in-Law to *Alexander* the Cruel, Keeper of *Newgate*, being a most sad Cursier and Swearer, used to wish in his common way of speaking, If it be not true what I say, I pray God I may Rot before I die, which happened to him accordingly.

Neither does God Almighty fail to shew his Displeasure against Wicked, Cruel, and Tyrannical Persecutors of his Children and People; out of bloody *Queen Mary's* Days, we shall Collect some few for satisfaction. A Persecutor that lived at *Dover*, having been with *Cardinal Pool* for his Blessing upon his Cruel and Cursed Actions, coming out of the Cardinals Chamber fell down Stairs, and broke his Neck.

Doctor Berry, Commissary of *Norfolk*, a great Persecutor, as he was walking with one of his Concubines, fell down dead with a heavy Groan, and never stirr'd afterwards.

One *Dale*, a violent Persecutor of God's People, was eaten up with Lice.

One

One Robert Bawbling, as he was Apprehending *William Seaman* the Martyr, was stricken dead with Thunder and Lightning.

Alexander the Keeper of *Newgate* was a great Enemy to God's people; and used to go to *Bloody Bower*, and say, Rid my Prison, rid my Prison, I am too much plagued with these Heriticks, but God met with him for all his Cruelty and hard usage of his Children, for he died a wretched and miserable Death, his Body being so swell'd that he was more like a Monster than a Man, his Intrails was so rotten, that no Person was able to bear the stinking smell of them; and his Son *James*, to whom he left a great Estate, soon wasted it, and jeeringly used to say, Ill got must be ill spent; and once as he was going thorough *Newgate Market*, he fell down stone dead.

Thomas Moore, Lord Chancellor of *England*, was an unheard of Enemy to the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and to the professors of it; and as if he designed to be famous for his Cruel Actions, he caused a Tomb to be built, and this to be ingraved upon

on it, *That with all his Might he had persecuted the Lutherans*: But according to his Deserts it fell out contrary to his Expectation, for being Accused, Condemned, and Executed for High Treason, his Head was taken off, and his Body found no other Burial than the Gibbet. These few Examples of God's Dreadful Judgments against Persecutors, I hope may serve to deter all Persons that have any love for their Precious and Immortal Souls, from being guilty of the like Cruel Actions against God and his People, Read but *Beard's Theatre*, *Clark's Martyrology*, and *Foxe's Acts and Monuments*, and you will find innumerable Examples of the like Nature.

A Person in this Nation, having a very considerable Estate, did not make that use of it as he ought, but on the contrary, gave himself over to all manner of Prophaneness, and was a common Scoffer and Contemner of Religion, and all that was good; inso-much that it is credibly reported, that being Witness to the Baptizing of a Child, he would have the Child's Name *Belzebub*; he was likewise given

ven to all manner of Uncleanneſs and Debauchery, and without ſhame kept ſeveral Whores openly in his Houſe at a time. He was ſo accuſtomed to ſwearing, that he could not ſpeak without a Curſe or an Oath, a viler and wickeder Wretch never was heard of, for he declared his Sin as *Sodom*, and hid it not; he had not lived long in this Damnable and Curſed Courſe of Life, but Divine Vengeance found him; for one day going a hunting with one of his Companions, they fell a diſcourſing of their Debauchery, it pleaſed Almighty God to ſtrike him dead, that he fell backward upon his Horſes Crupper, with his wicked, ſwearing, perjur'd, and lying Tongue hanging out of his Mouth, in a very fearful manner. All you young Men take warning by this dreadful Example, forbear your Curſing, Swearing, Lying, and all manner of Prophaneneſs; for you may ſee by this Example, God takes notice of all your Actions, and your ill ones will certainly find you out, for God will not be mocked, nor ſuffer his own People to be abuſed, he will
right

right all their Wrongs, and certainly will do them Justice, for he rendereth them as the Apple of his Eye.

Most Dreadful is that Relation of *Johannes Fincelius*, that in the Year 1553. near *Belesina* a City in *Helvetia*, there was Three Prophane Wretches a playing at Dice upon the Lords Day, without the Walls of the City, one of whom called *Ulrick Schaterus*, having lost much Money, and offended God by many Cursed Speeches; at last expecting a good Cast, he broke forth into this Horrible and Blasphemous Speech; if Fortune deceive me now, I will thrust my Dagger in the very Body of God as far as I can; and the Cast miscarrying, he immediately drew his Dagger, and threw it up against Heaven with all his strength, when behold the Dagger vanished out of sight, and five drops of Blood fell upon the Table in the midst of them, and immediately after the Devil came, and carried away this Blasphemous Wretch with such a fury and rage, that the whole City was astonished at it; the other two half distracted with

with it, strove to wipe the Spots of Blood off of the Table, but could not, but the more they wiped them, the more clear they appeared. The Rumour of the dreadful Action soon flew into the City, and abundance of People came to this Place to see it, where they found the other two Gamesters a washing of the Table, whom, by order of the Senate, they bound in Chains, and carried towards the Prison. As they were going thorough the Gate of the City, one of them was suddenly struck dead with such a number of Lice and Worms creeping out of him, as was very wondrous and loathsome to behold. The Third to divert the Divine Indignation that seemed to hang over their heads, the Citizens without any further tryal put him presently to Death.

One *William Hacket* of *Owndle* in *Northamptonshire*, used upon occasion in earnest Discourse, to Curse himself in this manner, (*If it be not true, let a visible Confusion light upon me:*) and he wanted not his wish, as appears by this following Religation in the Three

and Thirtieth Year of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth, one Edmond Coppinger, and Henry Arthington, two Gentlemen, that were this Hacket's sociable Companions; Hacket having formerly been very Prophane now pretended a Reformation: these three run into very dangerous and strange Opinions, and, at last came to think that this Hacket was anointed Judge of the World; and coming to his Lodging one day in London, Hacket told them he had been Anointed with the Holy Ghost; then Coppinger askt him what he would be pleased to Command them: Go, saith he, and proclaim in the City, that Jesus Christ is come with his Fan in his Hand to judge the Earth, and if they will not believe you, let them come and kill me if they can. Coppinger answered, it should be done; and thereupon he and Arthington run immediately into the Streets of the City, and proclaimed their Message; and when by reason of the Multitudes of the People they could get on further, they got up into two empty Carts, crying, Repent, Repent, for Jesus Christ is come to judge the World: so pulling

of pulling a Paper out of their Pockets, they read out of it many things concerning the Calling and Office of *Hacket*, as how he represented Christ, as taking part of his Glorified Body, &c. They likewise called themselves, the Prophets, one of Justice, and the other of Mercy; the Citizens being disturbed at them, took *Hacket*, and carried him before a Justice of Peace, who after Examination, committed him to Prison, and at the Sessions being found Guilty of Sedition, and speaking Traiterous words against the Queen, he was Condemned and Hang'd on a Gibbet in *Cheapside*, uttering horrible Blasphemy against the Mercy of God. *Coppinger* died the next day in *Bridwell*, and *Arthington* afterwards made a Publick Recantation: Thus the Curse of *Hacket* happened to him, for a Visible Confusion came upon him according to his Wish.

A young Gentleman, being a Scholar at one of the Colleges in *Cambridge*, and living above the Allowance that his Father did bestow upon him, he having a good Horse, used to betake himself to the High-way, and there to take a Purse

to supply what his Rioting and Drunkenness call'd for ; for one day being put to a great occasion for Money to save his Credit in the Town, he took his Horse, and rid to *Newmarket Heath*, and there he waited till a Prize came ; at last he spied a Man with a Portmantle behind him, so putting up to him, he bid him stand and deliver ; he made Answer to him and told him he had but little Money, and he was loth to part with it ; then said the Scholar you must fight for it ; well said the other, if I must, come then, and each pull'd out their Swords, and they both fought stoutly ; but at last the poor Serving Man was unfortunately killed, and the other a little wounded. He having dispatched him, took the Portmantle from off his Horse, and put it upon his own, and away he rode for *Cambridge*, being come into his Chamber he opened the Portmantle to see what a Prize he had got, and therein finding a Letter directed to him from his Father, he was very much surprized at what he had done, in killing his Fathers Man that was bringing of him the Money from his Father. Consider-
ring

ring of the Wickedness of this Action, he was wonderfully altered, and fell into a deep Melancholy. In a short time after the Robbery and Murder both came out; and the next assizes the Lord Chief Justice *Popham*, who was his near Kinsman, happened to come that Circuit, he was Arraigned and Condemned at *Cambridge*, Assizes; and although great means was used for the obtaining of his pardon, yet all was in vain, for the Judge forgetting that natural Affection that he owed to him as his Kinsman, would not take pity of his Youth, or want of Discretion, but caused him to be hanged amongst the rest of the Notorious Malefactors.

A Noble and Vertuous Lady having an idle and ill disposed Chambermaid, it happened upon some great Provocation that she stroke her a Box on the Ear, with that she had the Impudence to tell her Lady, that that blow should never be forgot nor forgiven; so the Devil who is always ready to take hold of any opportunity that falls closes in with this revengeful Slut, and tempts her to Accuse her Lady of Adultery; thereupon finding a fit Opportunity

nity, thus addrest herself to her Lord; Pray, Sir excuse my great boldness, for I have a very great Secret to impart to you, were I sure you would not reveal it, and to the Punishment fall upon me that others deserve, so she wpt. Her Lord being very desirous to know, vowed Secrecy; why then, Sir, thus it is, I know you are very well satisfied in the Chastity and Modesty of my Lady, but to my great sorrow I speak it, she defiles your Bed, and that not with a Person of Quality, but with one of the Grooms of your Stable; but I must beg your Honour to keep it private, till I make you an Eye-witness hereof: Her Lord was hereat most strangely surprized, having never found any thing but great Tenderness and Affection from his Lady, nor could he ever charge her with the least unseemly Carriage imaginable, yet he bethought himself, and called to mind, that whenever he went out early in the Morning about any Business, when he came back, used to find her a Bed, or hardly up, so that he thought in this time his Lady did abuse him. This Baggage let no opportunity slip to
carry

carry on this wicked Design she had begun. Seeing of her Lord coming towards his House, and knowing of her Lady to be a Bed, she ran and told one of the Grooms that his Lady must speak with him presently in her Bed Chamber. the Groom hereupon runs up as if it had been upon Life and Death, as indeed in the end it proved, and finding his Lady's Door open, he rushes in upon her, whereupon the Lady was so angry, that she threw the Bed-Staves at him, and would not let him speak; in the mean time this base Woman calls her Lord, and tells him now he may find them together; he thereupon runs up Stairs with his Sword drawn, and the Groom just coming out of the Door, with his Sword run him through, so he died immediately; and so goes into the Chamber, and without asking a Question, or receiving an Answer, run the Point of his Sword into his Lady's Heart, as she lay in her Bed. Now as he stood a while considering what he had done, the Cruel author of this bloody Tragedy being pricked in Conscience with this horrible slaughter, could keep in her

Devilish Counsel no longer, but broke out into these words, O! Alas my Lord, What have I done? never was Lady more chaste and constant to her Bridal-Bed than she, who lies wallowing in her Innocent Blood, whatsoever I told you was false, and I was tempted to it by the Devil, in revenge of a Box on the Ear she deservedly gave me; I therefore, and only I, am the wicked Wretch that was the only Cause of these wicked and most horrible Murders. These words being so mournfully and passionately spoken, filled his Mind with Horror and distraction, sometimes casting his Eye upon his Honest and Faithful Servant, and his Chast and Vertuous Wife, both which in his Passion he had murdered. He thereupon killed that wretched Creature the Chambermaid, and then fell upon his own Sword, which was the fourth Person in this dismal and bloody Tragedy.

A young Man that was of a very Revengeful Spirit, having had an Injury done him by one of his familiar Acquaintance, studying how to satisfy his Revenge upon him, the Devil came to him

him, and told him he would put him in a way how he should be Revenged of him with a vengeance to him, if he would do but one thing that he should desire of him; the young Man asked him what was that; why, said the Devil, go and kill your Father, and lie with your Mother. No says the young Man, I dare not do so, but I will do any thing else you shall desire; why then quoth the Devil, go and make your self drunk, Yes that I will, sayes the young Man; so he went and made himself drunk, and when he was in that shameless Condition, he killed his Father and lay with his Mother, by which you may see what a sad and dreadful thing it is, to give way to the Sin of Drunkenness, which lays a Man open to all manner of Wickedness.

There was a certain young Gentleman, but a most terrible swaerer, who residing in the Company of some other Gentlemen in *Cornwall*, in King *Edward* the Sixth's time; he upon some frivolous occasion began his old Trade of Cursing and Blaspheming, for which one Mr. *Hains* a Minister, as it was his Duty, did with very mild words reprove him,

telling

telling of him he should one day answer for all his Imprecations; whereat this Gentleman being in a great heat, and very angry, bid him take no thought for him, but prepare for his own Winding sheet: saith the Minister, amend your Life, for Death gives no warning; the Lamb's Skins come to the Market as soon as old Sheeps; God's Wounds, says he, care not thou for me, still raging worse and worse, till at length going on their Journey, they came to a great Bridge, which was made over an Arm of the Sea; in passing of which, this swearing Gallant spur'd his Horse with such fury, that the Horse leapt clear over the Bridge, with the Man on his Back, who as he was falling, cried one, Horse and Man and all to the Devil; this terrible Story Bishop Kidley preached in a Sermon at *Paul's Cross*; and Mr. Hain's reported the truth of it to Mr. Fox, from whence this is taken.

Acts and Monuments.

A Certain Country Man for every Trifle used to swear, by God's precious Blood, and would give no heed to any of his Friends warning, but at length falling into a deep Fit of sickness, he

was much perswaded and intreated by his Friends to repent, whose Counsel he still rejected, and hearing the Bell toll, when the very Pangs of Death were upon him, he started up, swearing Gods wounds the Bell tolls for me, but he shall not have me yet; whereupon the Blood issued out from every part of his Body, as Mouth, Nose, Wrist, Knees, Heels, Toes, and every where else, and so ended his wretched Life.

There lived a Person in *Penrin* in *Cornwal*, who had a considerable Estate and fruitful Issue, unhappy only in a younger Son, who growing extravagant, went to Sea in a small Vessel, with several others like himself, where they made a Prize of all they could master; and venturing into the *Streights*, they sat upon a Turks Man of War, which they took, and got great Booty, but their Powder by chance taking fire, blew up the Ship, and out Gallant, being a very rare swimmer, got to shore upon the Isle of *Rhodes*, with the best of his Jewels, where offering some to sale to a Jew, he knew them to be the Governours of *Algiers*; whereupon he was seized and condemned to the Gallies

for a Pirate among other Christians, whose miserable slavery made them use what means they could to get off, which they effected, by killing some of their Officers; after which this young Man got aboard an *English Ship*, and came safe to *London*, where former Misery and some skill he had got in that Art, preferred him to be a servant to a Sea Chyrurgeon, who after a while sent him to the *East Indies*; there by his diligence and industry got Money, with which he returned home; and longing to see his Native Country *Cornwall*, he sailed in a small Ship from *London* Westward; but ere he attained to the part he went for, he was cast away upon that Coast, where by his skill of swimming he got safe to Shore; but having been Fifteen years absent, he was informed that his Father was much decayed in his Estate, and had retired to a place not far off, being indeed in debt and danger; his Sister he finds married to a Mercer, to whom he appears as a poor Stranger; but after a while privately revealed himself to her, shewing what Gold and Jewels he had in a Bow-Case about him; and they concluded he should go to his Parents the next day; but

but he goes over night, and designed not to make himself known till the next day, that his Brother and Sister came, so goes to his Parents as a Stranger, desires of them Lodging for that Night, which they granted. He sitting a long time by the Fire relating his Travels, and his sufferings in his Travels, that the old Man bid them good night, and went to bed. Soon after, his true and sad Stories moving the old Woman to Compassion, she wept, and so did he; but taking pity on her Tears, comforted her with a Piece of Gold, which gave her assurance that he deserved a Lodging, to which she brought him: he being in Bed, shewed this old Woman his Wealth which was girded about him, which he told her was sufficient to relieve her Husband's wants, and enough for himself too; and so being weary, fell asleep. The old Woman being tempted with the Golden Bait she had received, and greedily thirsting after the Injoyment of the rest, went to her Husband, and wakes him, and tells him this News, and what farther she intended to do, and though with horrid apprehensions he a long time refused

d

ted to let it be done, yet she with her drawing Eloquence (the's Enchantments) moved him at last to consent to be Master of all that Wealth, by murdering the owner thereof, which accordingly they effected, and afterwards cover'd the Corps with Cloths, till they had opportunity to convey it away. The early Morning hastens the Sister to her Father's House, where being come, she inquires for a Sailer that was to lodge there the last night; the old People at first denyed that they had seen any such Person, till she told them he was her Brother, her lost Brother, whom she certainly knew to be so, by a Scar upon his Arm, cut with a Sword in his Youth, and that they had resolved to meet here this Morning; the Father hearing this, hastily runs up into the Room, and finding the Mark upon him aforesaid, with the horrid regret of this monstrous murder of his own Son, took the same Knife, and cut his own Throat, that he had murdered his Son with; a while after, the Mother going up to consult with her Husband what to do, and being confounded to see him weltring in his own Blood, she takes the
same

same Knife, and with it rips up her own Belly, so that her Guts dropped out; the Daughter wondring that her Father and Mother staid so long, went up to them, and found too soon this Bloody Tragedy, the Mother having time only to relate the beforementioned Particulars, gave up the Ghost; the Daughter was struck with such a sudden horror and amazement at this Deluge of destruction, as Father, Mother, and Brother, and all for a little dirty Wealth, she presently sunk down dead. Therefore let all that read this sad and dreadful Example, take heed of Covetousness, for it is the Root of all Evil.

*For this World's wealth, which all so
much desire
May be compared to a burning Fire;
Whereof a little will do little harm,
But profit much our Bodies well to warm;
Take too much Fire, and you shall surely
burn,
So too much Wealth to too much Wee
will turn.*

The truth of this beforementioned Relation, is confirmed in Sanderfon's History of King James. In

In the Year 1632. there lived one *Walker* near *Chester*, who was a Yeoman of good Estate, and a Widower; he had a young Woman, a Kinswoman of his to keep his House, who was by the Neighbours suspected to be with Child, she therefore was sent away by him one Evening in the dark, with one *Mark Sharp* a Collier, as was not heard of, nor little notice taken of her; till a long time after one *James Graham* a Miller, who lived two Miles from *Walker's* House, being one night alone very late in his Mill, grinding of Corn, about 12 a Clock, the Doors being shut, there stood a Woman in the midst of the Floor, with her Hair hanging down, all bloody, and five large Wounds in her Head; he was very much affrighted, yet had the Courage to ask her, after blessing himself, who she was, and what she wanted, to whom she said, I am the Spirit of such a Woman, who lived with *Walker*, and being got with Child by him, he promised me to send me to a private Place where I should Lie in, and be well lockt to; and when I was up I should come and keep his House again; and accordingly, said the

Appa-

Apparition, I was over night late sent away with one *Mark Sharp*, who upon a Moor, naming a Place which the Miller knew, slew me with a Pick, such as Men dig Coals with, and gave me these Five Wounds in the Head, and after threw my Body in a Coal-pit hard by, and hid the Pick under the Bank, and his Shoes and Stockings being Bloody, he endeavoured to wash them, but seeing the Blood would not wash off, he left them there: And the Apparition further told the Miller, that he must be the Man that must reveal it, or else she must still appear and haunt him; the Miller returned home very sad and heavy, but spoke not one word of what he had seen; yet he would never after stay in the Mill at night without Company, thinking thereby to prevent the seeing of her again, but notwithstanding one night the Apparition came to him again, and threatened him if he did not reveal the Murder she would continually pursue and haunt him; yet for all this he still concealed it, till *St. Thomas Eve*, just before *Christmas*, when being soon after Sun set, he was walking in his Garden, she appears to him again, and then so threatned and affrighted

affrighted him, that he promised to reveal it the next Morning; the Morning being come, he went to a Magistrate, and discovered the whole Matter, with all the Circumstances: and diligent search being made, the Body was found in a Coal-pit, with five Wounds in the Head, and the Pick and Shooes and Stockins yet bloody, and in every Particular as the Apparition had related to the Miller; whereupon *Walker* and *Mark Sharp* were both Apprehended, but would confesse nothing; at the Assizes following at *Durham* they were Arraigned, found Guilty, and hanged, but I could never hear that they confessed the Fact: The truth of this Relation is confirmed in *Webster* of Witchcraft.

Norellus Caurarius, Lord of *Parvia*, of great Renown for his Valour, but of great Infamy for his Wickdness; this Man, after many Cruel Murders, and Bloody Practices, which he exercised in every Place where he came, fell at last into this Crime; for lying at *Vincentia*, he fell in love with a Virgin of excellent Beauty, but more excellent Chastity, an honest Citizens Daughter, whom he commanded her Parents to send to him, that he might have his Pleasure of her; but

but they more regarding the Credit and Modesty of their Daughter than the Tyrants Commands, refused to send her, whereupon he violently took her out of the House, and forced her to his Lust: After which, to add Cruelty to his Villainy, he chopt her into small Pieces, and sent them to her Parents in a Basket for a Present; wherewith her Father was astonished, and carries it to the Senate, who sent it to *Venice*, desiring them to consider of the heinousness of the Fact, and Revenge the Cruelty. The *Venicians* undertaking their Defence, made War upon the Tyrant, and besieging him in his own City, took him at last Prisoner, and hanged him with his Two Sons.

FINIS.

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